HOBO TOURS REVISITED

SORRY! I FORGOT YOUR NAME

Emil

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Emil

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Living has its joys, tributes and at some point there will come a time (that was hard-wired into our DNA by our original master, overlords – The Anunnaki) when our lives will exceed our extended warranty (optional upon entry to our present life and if you got all the add-on extras; all repair parts were free and you could keep your own doctor – well, sort of...

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I made it a point to read the fine print and legalize jibber-jabber) and all of memories while become corrupted, fragmented to the point that I could not (just) recall your name when I remembered you.
Funny?
Not really as these types of malfunction hardware waste a lot of my time only to discover your name later like it was my missing keys.

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Unlike my self-appointed tech guru fans belief that since our brain is similar to a quantum, silico computer; Correcting this issue is quite merely a simple matter of rebooting the brain actively combined with an industrial grade defrag or (at worse) a fresh install with generation 2 software to reset lost memories. Sounds as simple as pop into the nearest Best Buy,

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buy the upgrade kit and have them install it while you wait... "shop-N-go" technology on parade! Shame that it isn't quite that simple or user-install friendly.
"Why???"
What my techie fans fail to consider that age (time) is a malware virus that will (in time) lock up you data (memories) but unlike a

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computer malware; there is no 1-900 number or secret account in the Cayman Islands to send your bitcoins to get the reset, restore code.

Time (age) fries our brains and since we lack the proper, upgraded hardware that is needed to fix it; we are left to our own decline and eventually, to being cast out into the dustbin.

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So here we are!
Up to just recent times (or as to those in the shadows of the secret, breakaway science communities like Darpa and to those educated into the universal truths over in the ancient mystery schools – as they would very much want us to believe) a broken or badly fragmented memory bank (brain) was a near life ending event of the 1st order.

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Hopeless, right, Campers?
It fact it isn't and has never been true – any of the gibberish that we have been talking about so forth.
WHATZ????
Campers! There has always been a mirid of simple, easy pathways to restoring memory storage but, it has been hidden (in plain view) from the vast majority of the non-initiated members of haman kind which is as!

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Let me explain to all of you that I didn't just wake up this morning here in my Viras Plague Killer Lockdown Lodge with this solution to this age-old problem nor was it slipped under my door in the wee hours of the waning night by some weird, three-fingered, tinfoil costumed creature from a 1950's Sci-Fi Thriller.

The truth, you will find is far less interesting than that.

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Dawn is coming quicker every morning and for whatever reason(s) I am haunted by big brother Al Stewart's song "1939" and I have hit the replay button on my steady, old Sony Boombox (with a deluxe CD Player... HEY! I ain't that analog!) and have played the song about (I guess) thirty-two times and it finally skipped on to "Lindy flew his plane across the wide Atlantic..."

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and yes!
I do wished that I had been there when Mr. Coolidge will say it's a public holiday when Lindy came to town... and, "all the bands were playing!"
Funny how you can see the future in retrospect and it is so clear how these catchy tunes are like a prophetic view of our current times or maybe, it is that AI is easier to understand or maybe, just

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a tad bit easier to sing-a-long with than those odd beat generation inspired poetry of Nostradamas?
Either way!
EE Cummings either ain't!
Don't be such an elitist hater as that is just my opinion and as all those hack Vloggers always cry:
"Your actual millage may vary!"
Grab a chair as the morning is still in our future times.

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Like what else there to do? Go down to the Lodge's lobby and stare out it's grand picture windows into the near empty street except for a random police, swat team chasing yet another rouge gang of Curfew Runners on swift motorbikes, with their collective hands raised back at the approaching police in what is universally considered a rude hand jester...I dare say!

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I think that I was saying before I so radely interrapted myself; I was about to tell you that when civilization fails, it falls fast and hard. Why I am talking like I have anretired my tinfoil hat and Little Debbie Decoder Ring? The trath is that I don't see a sanshine, lollipop outcome to the gathering storm of the coming crash of the Great New Social Reset or do I see it ending with everyone

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being happy to receive their participation trophy in exchange for the route of their dream of a total WOKE Revolution.
Just don't see it!
Now, I could be wrong?
I have been many times like with that nasty 2012 mess and don't get me started on how I feel about how those dang Mayans (Not the motorcycle Club...they are cool) catfished all of us.

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You can see that the bitterness is still there, deep and still raw to the touch over the one event that I had truly stuck around to see...2012!
This was the real thing.
The real end of the world without having to make a love donation to some crazy haired preacher, pre-book a seat for the Rapture or drink the Kool-Aid while wearing my black Nikes.

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YES! I agree!
Let's move on.
I think that "Fear of the Walking Dead" got it right. Well, they were close before they went down to the sea on a three-hour cruise (but was Strand really Ginger or Mary Ann? Mrs. Howle?) and hovered along the shore unable to decide it wanted to be "Gilligan's Island" or a new remake of the "Love Boat" Zombie Style.

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If I was still a betting guy, I would give you even money that civilization (the world as we once called home) will do a mean belly flop off the Sears tower and crash into an angry mob of whinny, skinny, white college kids demanding that God remake them Black or refund their tuition monies.

Wait and see...

You heard it here from "Charlie!"

Emil

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Maybe Little Joey Bayhim and the Southern Defense Legionaries got it right and it all was God's Fault.
God's fault?
I know at first glance it seems as kookie as believing the Moon Landing(s) were like real but, Campers, the more thought that I give it...the more I can see their point in their class action suit against God.
Class action suit...God???

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From a biblical prospective I believe that there is a big risk if we are dealing with the Old Testament God (the destroyer of worlds and known for having an aneven temper) as we all know the old warning that Moses gave as about not trying to poke this God in the eye or in modern time, slap him with a malti-billon dollar class action law sait. Moses told as "Don't do that!"

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Seeing that Little Joey and his surrounding cadre of pennyante, street thugs are more the New Testament types as the Old Testament had way too many rules, regulations and maximum sentencing (one strike and you are out!) with no parole – just ask Satan.
Think that they were truly hoping, praying for the "Peace, Love and Hope"

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God who might be secretly a little bit Woke or they really seemed to be praying that God might turn out to be a minority transgender who supported unisex bathrooms up in Heaven. Again, if I was still a betting man...it would be Old Testament God by three End of the World Events combined with a Judge Judy Last Day of Judgment on steroids and expresso.

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Never mind...I am just an old man sitting here on this empty park bench every Tuesday, Thursday and a special guest appearance down at the Sunnyside Police Station Drunk Tank on (most) Saturdays.
You got to go?
If you want to come back, call or email as you will need to book a time as Spring is my busiest season and it is hard to fit in walk-ins.

Emil

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TIME...TIME...TIME...

EDITOR NOTE:

The vast majority of semi-regular readers will wince as they read this phrase and for all of you newbies that haven't been properly schooled in Emil's Mystery School thought process; please hold on tight (keep your arms and legs inside until the story comes to a complete stop) even though you might be (at first) rightfully scared by the

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TIME...TIME...TIME...

EDITOR NOTE:

sudden outburst of a near universal mantra erupting from the regular readership joining together in proper three-part harmony of reader's complaint(s):

"OH, HELL NOT AGAIN!"

As you might, now, be starting to get it; this is a semi-regular trip down the rabbit hole of Emil's lost

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TIME...TIME...TIME...

EDITOR NOTE:

dreams and you might be tempted to blindly follow the cadre of Emilized Readers that jump willingly down into the maze of dusty tunnels that were once filled with actual brain cells and now, just seems to be endless rubbish, restraining orders, fragments of once normal thoughts and bales of eviction or garnishment notices.

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TIME...TIME...TIME...

EDITOR NOTE:

Welcome to Emil Land and hopefully you have your complete shot records, proof of boosters and a photo-id – never can be too sure especially in dealing with Emil.

Mostly, WWWG would hope that you will remember that you bought this edition with no implied warranty as WWWG is in no way responsible for anything

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TIME...TIME...TIME...

EDITOR NOTE:

that Emil might say, do or even get you to do. With total respect to your safety, mental stability and even the mere thought that you might feel the need to scratch-N-sniff down at your neighborhood Free Clinic; you are on your own as the mantra of WWWG is: "No refunds or Exchanges!" Again, please keep your hands and feet inside until

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TIME...TIME...TIME...

EDITOR NOTE:

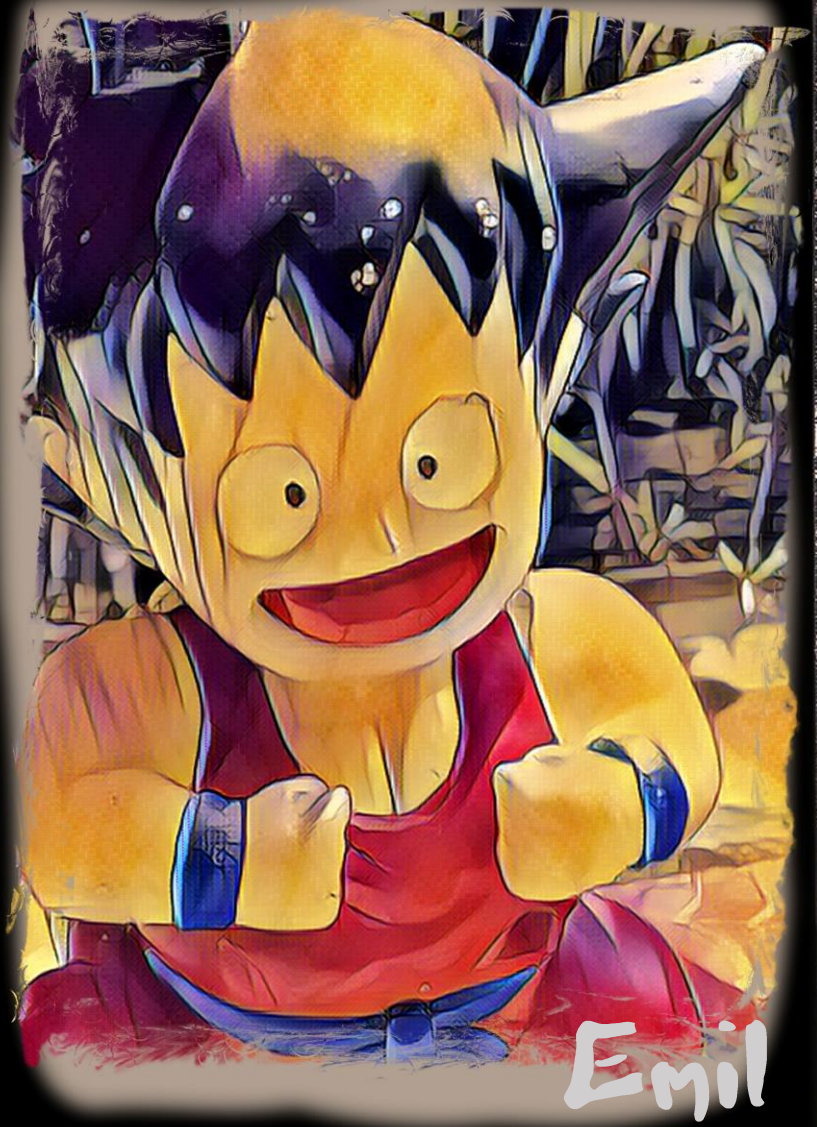
the story comes to a complete stop...and...

NEVER feed Emil

or agree to attend a time-share presentation...Never send money to any "Pray-ME" or "PayeePally" website promoted by Emil or take seriously any kind offer he might suggest to sell you Iraqi Dinars (wholesale)...

Seine

มังมี
ครีสุข


Emil

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TIME...TIME...TIME...

As you might have noticed that I am not a big fanboy of time due to the wicked, evilness of its very essence and the mere fact that it is the greatest serial killer of hamankind having brutally condemned billions of innocent people to a one-way trip to the eternal emptiness like the rows of unsold condos out on Mission Beach.

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TIME...TIME...TIME...

While those of the Woke Generation's closeted, Margaret Sanger School of Eugenicists; who continually and openly dote praise on the demon of time as an effect tool of population control and who will openingly admit that: "How else are we gonna get rid of all those old farts and give us a shot at getting their rent-controlled

TIME...TIME...TIME...

apartment down in
the village?"

The funniest part

of their argument is that as
they (themselves) find
age creeping up on them;
time will become less friend
than foe as yet a younger
generation is plotting on
way(s) to seize the rent-
controlled apartments away
from them, now.

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TIME...TIME...TIME...

End this evil tool of rent control and end the violence! This is not a popular observation to make within the confines of proper WOKE Society and to any who might dare to utter that thought will have their social credit score sliced-N-diced, batchered and put on a spike in the public square of the

Twitteree Lands

Trust me!

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TIME...TIME...TIME...

I have been there and to my
utter shame have to admit
I have done all that without
anyone to be PC polite
enough and warn me
to not do otherwise.
Given that my current
social credit score is
hovering at nearly a minus

3,600 points

I feel no need to hold back
and besides, I love to taunt
the frail, whinny, skinny

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white college kids who show up on my doorstep dressed as if they had just left a Black Panther's Rally on the Oakland County Courthouse steps in 1969 and who seem to have forgotten that they

AREN'T Black.

I feel for them and fear to think about the day when they, like Pogo, will look out at their enemy and

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TIME...TIME...TIME...

realize it is them, themselves.
That will be the day that
will prove and show the
whole world the strength
of their deepest character
or it will be a disaster that
will require multiple years
of deep Freudian Therapy
to overcome the self-hate
that will not go away even
if they volunteer to be sold
in the slave markets of
Tripoli to a new
African Master.

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Will they dare commit to righting the wrong of a racism that actually didn't belong to their family tree as their great, great family came from Dublin in the 1910's or had fled Nazi Germany in the 1930's by accepting modern slavery to atone for the sins of long dead people that they never knew?

Most of the TWIT PC Warriors have NOT come

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out to accept my offer...

Why?

Don't they truly accept the collective guilt of those who died over 300-years ago as they claim to?
Are their cries and chanting not real when the rubber hits the road, when it is their chance to right the wrongs they claim to hate?
Why not?

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Are they NOT being truthful to themselves?
What better pendants can there be other than getting on a plane tonight, flying to Libya and to offer themselves up to the same type of slavery that they

cry to revenge

What better way is there to cleanse their family's collective guilt than to give everything they own

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TIME...TIME...TIME...

(including their I-Phone as they will have no need of it once sold into slavery) to some random street person and sell themselves into slavery in Africa. So far, I have not had (NOT) even one skinny white college kid take me up on my brilliant offer. Go figure?

You know you get the same excuses from them (similar to the same lines they feed to

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TIME...TIME...TIME...

their doting, loving parents and nannies):
"Sounds COOL but, Like I can't go now...finals are coming up"
Neat idea but I don't have a passport!"
"Get away from ME! I have Moose Mace!"
The excuses and justifications of NOT taking this bold action of redemption are many more

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TIME...TIME...TIME...

than I am allowed to post here and many of them will go annoted as here in Singapore we have very strong, moral publishing rules to prevent the language that they offered up in response to our question(s): Are you NOT being racist by claiming to care of the great injustice, the suffering under slavery and then not being willing to reverse the process of become (yourself)

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TIME...TIME...TIME...

a slave in Africa
(NO! Not a Peace Corps Volunteer!)
to actually seek redemption
for the sins of your great,
grand parents?"
Simple question but
complicated answers as
to why they were talking
only in the sociological
sense not on a personal
level.
Until I see plane loads of
skinny white college kids
giving their I-Pads to some

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TIME...TIME...TIME...

random gay/gal on the street, go to Libya and selling themselves in the Tripoli Slave Market; until that time, I will consider them to be what they truly are: Posers unworthy of respect by anyone other than the CRT Hustlers who are getting extremely wealth off taking the monies that the parents gave their children for new, semester books and pizza.

Emil

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BIG SISTER TIME IS WATCHING!

Today, it is easy to dismiss it all to "fog-of-war" or even "PTSD" if you are into playing the victim in your epic, adventure screenplay but, it wasn't all that long ago that you might outright admit your mistake and chalk it off as a learning experience but now that is long forgotten ages where most of most recently dead ancestors understood that

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BIG SISTER TIME IS WATCHING!

God never thought to create

"Time."

Time was a creation of our earliest Overlord Masters to dominate and control as while they tried to utilize it to measure worth in an early type of time-cost benefit analysis.

On that day now lost to mainstream history books, on

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BIG SISTER TIME IS WATCHING!

the day that all of our hananoid ancients rose up and (like Mrs. Nancy Reagan would remind as 100,000+ years later) collectively broke our DNA Chains by screaming up towards heaven:
"We are just like saying NO!"
With that Hanankind gained our freedom by default after our Overlords took a powder,

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BIG SISTER TIME IS WATCHING!

packed up and took that last rocket ship off this "Shithole Piece of Rock" (their words not mine so save the meltdown until later, dudes!) without as much as a polite, a proper "faredewell!" or even a "Later Gator!" What I learned from the secret mystery schools before I dropped out to attend the Colombia School of Journalism (Home Study

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BIG SISTER TIME IS WATCHING!

Course) was that they left not because we hurt their feelings and they needed to return to their safe zone on the water planet just west of Mars – which I am told was a beautiful resort-like planet with killer surf and giant shrimp; rather it was an issue that they had created humankind under a "right-to-work" constitution then humans broke the convenient

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BIG SISTER TIME IS WATCHING!

by started to anionize the gold mines in what is now called Southern Africa (then it spread to the copper mines in what is now known as Upper Michigan) and would not agree to the anion's demands for overtime pay and retirement options. With our Overlords gone and more due to the fact that they left without a proper thirty-day notice of

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eviction; the newly established humankind unions were left flatfooted and by a vote of three-to-four they agreed that the previously owners had been right that the vast majority of humans were as dumb as the rocks (earth) that they had made them of and could not be allowed to govern themselves.

They thought that would be

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a claster disaster and with that vote the union leaders all agreed to NOT let anyone know that the Overlords had skipped town. The agreed story was that the Overlords were on a vacation and would be back anytime soon "So! You better watch yourselves! Or else we will rat ya out when they get back!"

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This worked for almost... it must have been over 30,000 years and everything was humming along fine and when some uppity human started asking too many questions; they were carted of to "Omar's Garden" (which was an early version of the newly reestablished Adam S. Memorial FEMA Re-Education Training Center

BIG SISTER TIME IS WATCHING!

right outside Burbank).
On a sidebar note, what the anions only learned much later was that a group of Overlord youngsters

"Young Turks"

had decided to not go back to a planet that they never knew as most had been born here on earth and ran off on the night before the "Great Departure" Dinner and in all

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the confusion of the departure day, they were left "Home (on Earth) Alone!" In most ancient texts, they are sometimes referred to as the 72 Watchers and seeing that they are rather good looking for alien lads; they were very popular with the local, young humankind gals...one thing led to another and such was the birth of Atlantis Legends.

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OOPPSS!

Back to the main storyline! So...until they discovered that the Overlord Youngsters had created a new, start-up empire on the other side of the planet and were multiplying like genetically-modified rabbits; until that moment, the union leaders had a great gig and never were lacking for food or drink as they forgot to tell

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hamankind that they no longer needed to pay their anion dues or for that matter that the animal sacrifices were a mate issue as there was no need to make love donates as the Overlords had required (they needed to eat too and haman made barbecue can't be beat and was much tastier than ageing Spaceship MREs!).

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The most important control that they adapted was time and having seen how effectively that it controlled hamankind; our anion minions soon used time to make themselves our new and improved...our greatest gods or like Brother Pete (of the singing vagabonds they called the Who) would remind us in near modern times to his dire warning

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that:
"The new boss, is the same as the old boss...nothing changed!"
and how we shouldn't get ourselves fooled again!
For tens-of-thousands of long gone years, we were only left to tremble before the overwhelming power that we gave it and even into these later days, are we still forced to worship upon the

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altars that our ancients built for it.
Even the Bible forewarned as to the great folly of our invention and for the great powers that we so easily gave away and how without more than a single thought, our ancients set in place a curse that would actually outlast all human passage.
Being a vengeful, a most wicked demon who took up

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the mantle of our master and with that it controls...it dictates our very life on earth...it decides our faith, our life...our very death...all secretly written into its Book of Life – a scripted role that each of us walk-ons, stagehands or even, the bit players must act out in the passage/the wake of Time itself.

There is NO time in Heaven!

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God doesn't sport a Rolex Oceanstar even though he could well afford it. There is no need as I had previously enlightened you to the fact that there is no "TIME" in heaven as it was a creation of lessor beings and used by the children of man which with a $1.95 USD would get you a cheap cup of coffee at God's Dairy Queen down by the Southside's Pearly Gate.

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See Campers, this is a very big reason why so many of the select few of humankind's converts face such a difficult time adjusting to Heaven's lack in any sense of urgency. Imagine how warped a human mind would be trying to order a pizza from the Heaven version of Uber Foods & having to deal with the reality that delivery is tricky without a "20 minutes or it's free rule."

財神珠寶滿地遍
神威長存
ปักธูปด้านนอก

菩薩金右四季那

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STRANGE BUT...

EMIL SAYZ IS TRUE?

What was once a folk tale at best may have a seed of tooth if not more and it does readily explain a lot of what we currently have no rational theory other than to admit "Dude, I don't Know?" which translated into the fact that we can't explain away as a conspiracy story. Emil claims (which should be our first concern) that he

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STRANGE BUT...

EMIL SAYZ IS TRUE?

stumbled upon this by mere chance while cooling his heels in the local jail in Penang after he tried to hijack a fisherman's row boat and row out of the harbor in order to flee what he had come to believe was his never-to-end detention in Penang after the island was locked down in late March due to the demon, virus plague. It was there that he befriended

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STRANGE BUT...

EMIL SAYZ IS TRUE?

a fellow inmate who was in a the cell next to his own deluxe isolation suite – as the

Penang Authorities

were rather concerned to his mental stability and the danger he might pose to his fellow inmates...

Long story short...

The other inmate was an elderly Korean gentleman and

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STRANGE BUT...

EMIL SAYZ IS TRUE?

given Emil's long trouble(s) with the Korean Government; they hit it off rather quickly over their love of Korea.

The gentleman was a refugee from the North and had held a senior scientific, leadership role up until his daring midnight escape much in the same vain as Emil's not so successful plan to flee Penang.

Initially, the scientist had been

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STRANGE BUT...

EMIL SAYZ IS TRUE?

given a refugee visa and was told that they would not honor North Korea's demand(s) for his immediate seizer and an even more prompt return home. He lived freely for several months before he was arrested and is now in the awaiting

his deportation

back to North Korea mostly due to the intercedence of

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STRANGE BUT...

EMIL SAYZ IS TRUE?

CCP Officials with very close financial ties to the

local politicos

Given Emil's even more tetanus statue with the CCP; this made them almost like brothers...comrades sharing the same burnt out foxhole. In the long evenings that followed, the scientist shared a remarkable story that seems

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STRANGE BUT...

EMIL SAYZ IS TRUE?

ripped directly from the pages of an Isaac Asimov novel, the front page of the National Enquirer or the World Globe right next to the Batboy Urban Legend advert.

On a stormy Friday night their conversation come upon an interesting topic that both of them seemed to keenly share:

Chukjibeop

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Chukjibeop

As a regular reader and (I assume) a founding member of "Fellow Travelers of Emil;" You are well versed in the fact that I am like a totally reactionary disbeliever in Ancient Astronauts theories due to the vastness of space and seriously consider the concept/explanation of wormhole(s) to be yet another

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Chukjibeop

a bad parlor, magic trick to overcome mocking laughter of anyone who isn't a lost soul who was raised on Star Trek reruns or a proud graduate of The Columbia School of Journalism's (Home Study Course) on writing trashy, Sci-Fi scripts for profit in the high income market of paranormal Podcasts.

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Chukjibeop

Given that I hold even stronger opinions about the geeky "15-minute of Fame" Brigade of almost comical, time travel confessionals up on the Yabbie Tootie – which so badly rip off the trilogy of "Back to the Future" Movies from the 1980s but without their entrainment value and a driving, Huey Lewis soundtrack.

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Chukjibeop

You remember my extensive research, my previous grail search for Old Doc Brown as I sought to borrow his time machine to get back to 1981 (forget killing Hitler or having a sit down dinner with Jesus) in order to make a sizable investment in Microsoft stock...along with other hedge's against the inflation rathole economy of 2022.

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Chukjibeop

All-in-all, while I long ago tossed my tinfoil helmet to the dustbin of time; I do hold a fondness for quantum mechanics and do believe in the proven science behind the multiverse and Mr. Tesla's theories of harmonic frequency modification(s).
After actually meeting characters like the real (original) John Titor in a dusty

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Chukjibeop

dive bar on the far side of downtown Burbank; I am not totally writing him off a cheap fraud (even thought his cousin told me that he was a down on his luck, former IBM Mainframe/PC Salesman) as I now believe that even if he wasn't a true time traveler (as time travel is a big insider Sci-Fi writer's joke that sells books –it must work as I do myself

Chukjibeop

devote much effort and pages to it) he might have well been an interdimensional traveler from a parallel universe which has a similar but different time line than ours.
This would explain as to why he ended up being wrong and missing a lot of his predictions about the future.
WHATZ???
I won't do it here but if you go

Chukjibeop

back and move his timeline to our current era; you might be surprised (scared) how Nostradamus-like his visions are now becoming and you might now be wishing that your dad hadn't turned your grand dad's fallout shelter into a swimming pool back after the Y2K Panic fell apart. Don't believe me...read it for yourself...!

Chukjibeop

Which brings as full circle back to a rainy Friday night stack in the world-class, drunk tank here in Penang (my current Paradise Gulag) and to my extended conversation with Dr. Sanlee about what he referred to as "Chukjibeop." Most of the conversation was far beyond my classical, public school education but I (now) better understand why the

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Chukjibeop

North Koreans were so concerned with his safe return. While this seems like cutting edge technology and theory; Dr. Sanlee was quick to correct me that it was a very ancient technology that they had rediscovered back when Korea was but a colony of Japan.

Seems that it's core theories date back to a time long before

Chukjibeop

we have recorded history for. According to him, Chukjibeop allows for the mechanics of actually folding space and generating for what I don't have a better word to describe other than a "wormhole." YEA! I get it!

But, Campers, I am open minded and willing to say that I got it wrong...I am not like the bench warmers hanging

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Chukjibeop

street thugs hanging out in DC with Little Joey Bayhim and his boy DeHunter trying to look cool while in their fake aviator (made in China)

Ray-Bans

Seems that he started his current research when he was recruited from Seoul University to work in wartime, Japanese Industrial research in what is now North Korea in 1943.

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Chukjibeop

At the end of the war, his factory was capture by advance units of the Soviet Red Army; he was interned to Siberia and only sent back to his old factory in North Korea at the end of the

Korean War

While most of the world dismissed the whole concept as some form of metaphysical hogwash that required years

Chukjibeop

hard-to-learn mediation or yoga; this turned out to not be true as there was a simple means of electronic frequency modulation that could induce the same physical response but, required vast amounts of electricity to power the turbine generators and create the unified field required to bend space and time (or so they speculated).

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Chukjibeop

"Our nuclear program was create not as some vain statement of our Great Leader but, was to create the massive amount(s) of power that the hydro-electric dam (built originally by the Japs and then, refurbished by the Soviets) couldn't generate." At least, that was Dr. Sunlee's understanding of North Korea's need of nukes.

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Chukjibeop

Here is the key that ties all of this together and it goes back to Mr. Tesla's concept of the "3/6/9" Theory of

Universal Harmonics

It made a lot of sense to me as I am rather well versed in the close relationship that Mr. Tesla developed with German and Soviet Researchers as far back as the early 1930's. Chukjibeop was the scientific

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Chukjibeop

missing link that made everything like deep space exploration feasible but, I am still not sold on the concept of time travel other than as a direct result of utilizing the Chukjibeop Machinery to hop about the universe.

I think that Dr. Sunlee agreed on that point and that was one of the direct reason(s) as

Chukjibeop

to why he was awaiting here in the holding cell next to mine. Which is more true than he was willing to share with me (a strange foreign Devil who was way too chatty and who truly asked way too many questions).

I came away believing we both shared a belief that this could be developed not as a time machine but as kind of

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Chukjibeop

a blueprint for a functional "stargate" doorway into the multiverse and he felt that it would be misused by the powers to create havoc on other parallel planets or in other dimensional timelines under the mistaking theory of time travel. This is why he fled after destroying his 40+years of research and this is why they were so anxious about his return.

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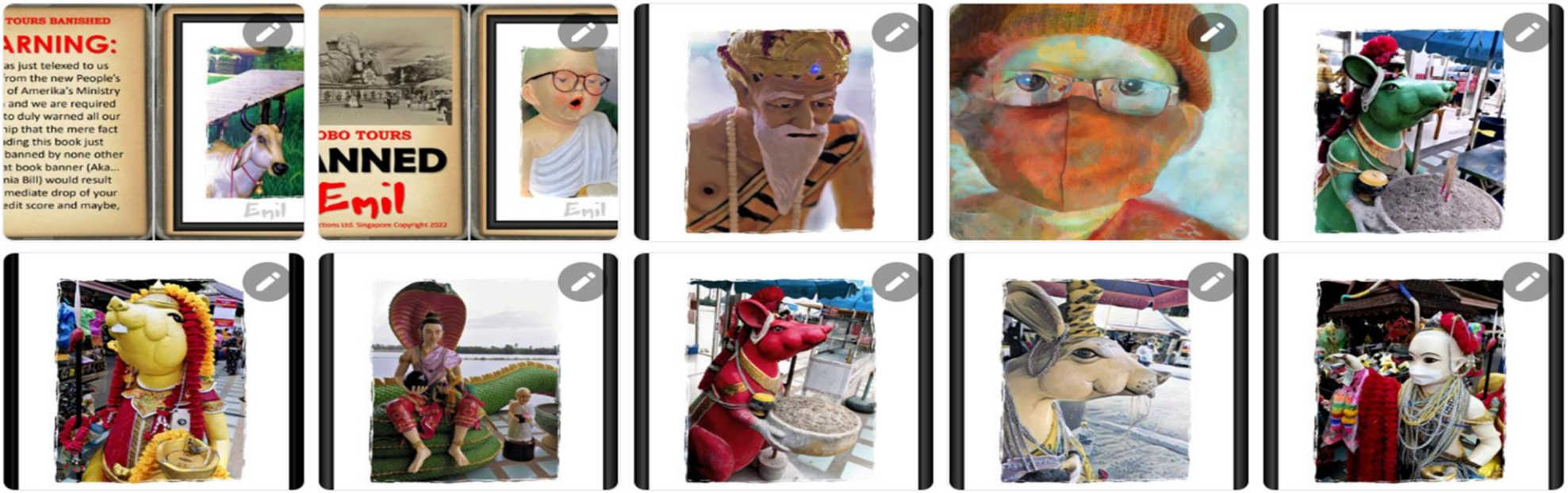

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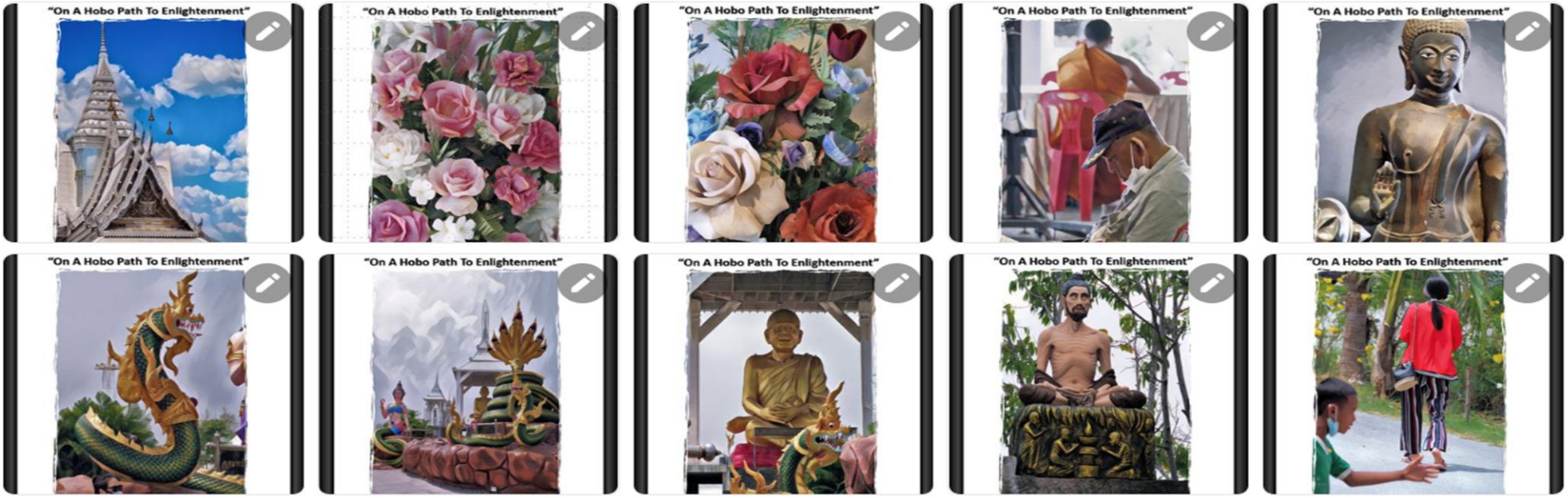

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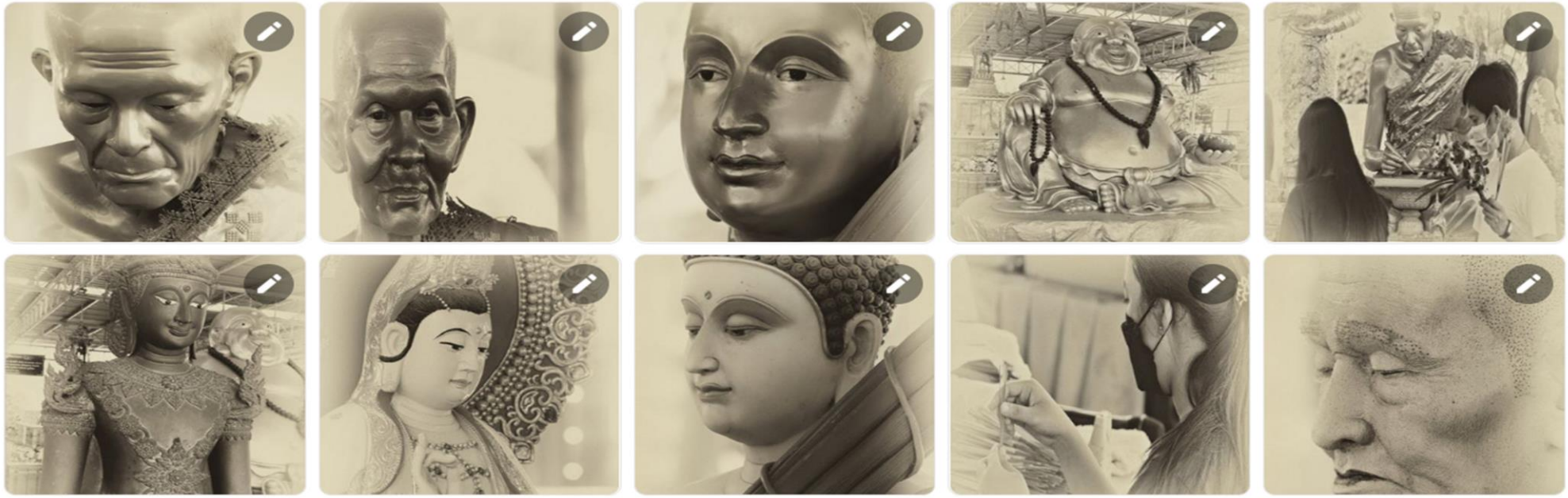

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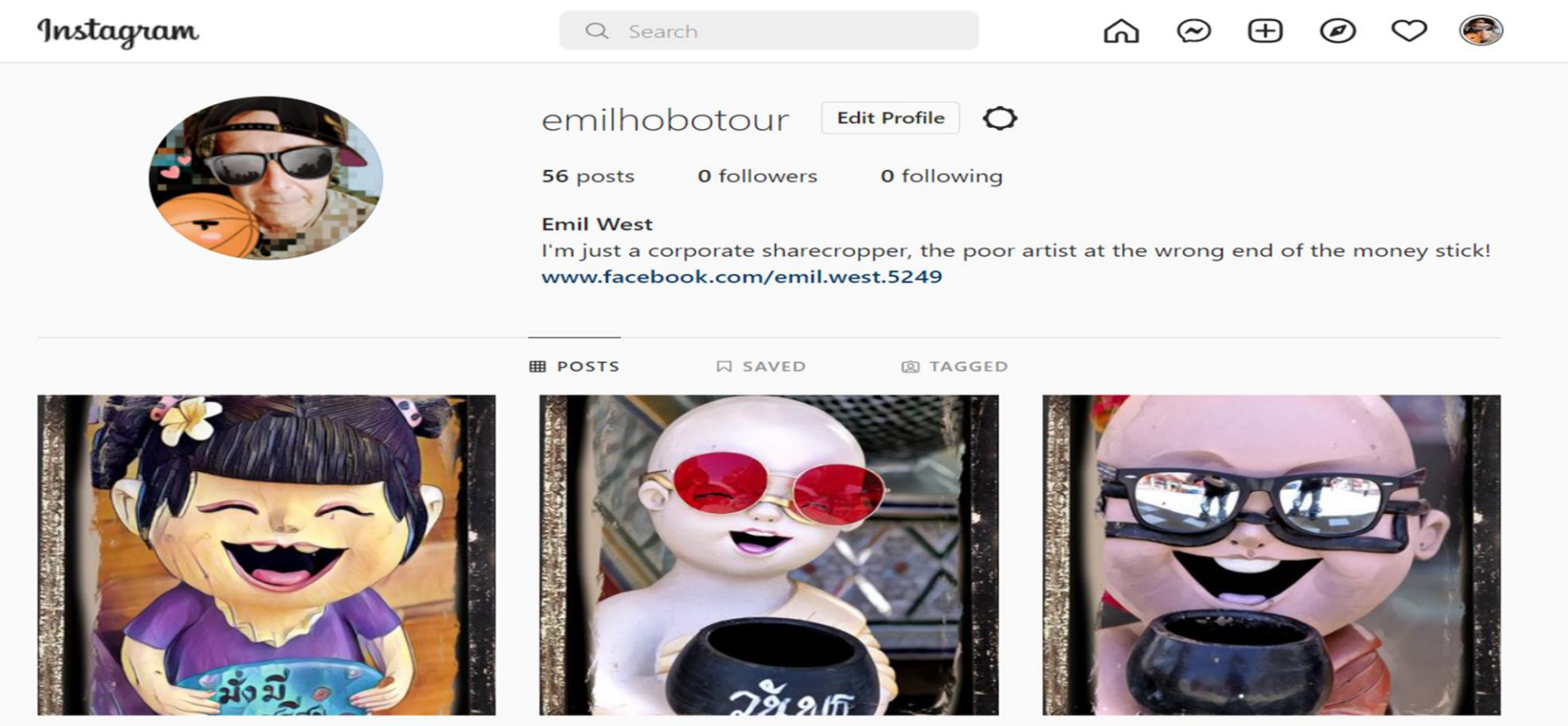

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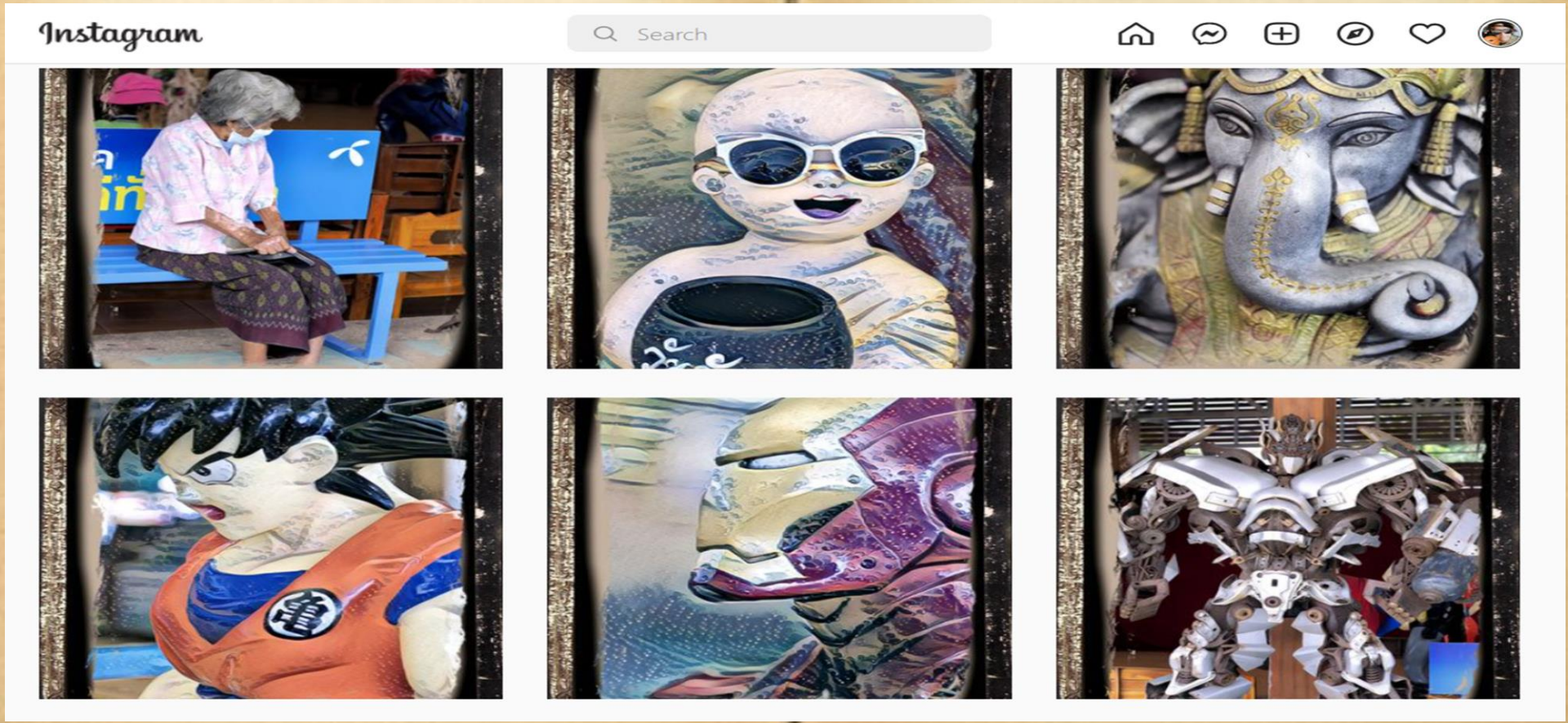

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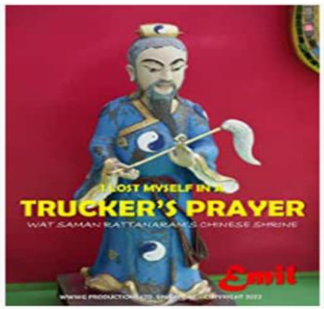

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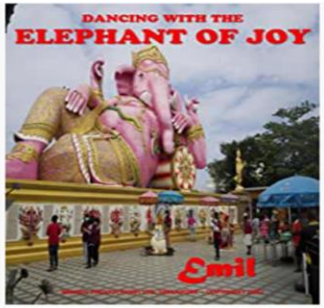

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